THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY

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THE
MEDICAL MISSIONARY

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Member of the Catholic Press Association

SISTER M. TIMOTHY, S.C.M.M.
Editor

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ACROSS THE PAGES. . . .

FATHER MURPHY spent four years in the African "bush." His missionary work was among the tribes at Mashi, Tanganyika, where they speak *Kiswahili*. He is now working among the American negroes in South Carolina.

* * * * *

MINDFUL OF the Feast of the Seven Sorrows of Our Lady on the 15th of this month, Frater Mario, a Carmelite student in the School of Sacred Theology of Catholic University, has taken advantage of the opportunity to spread devotion to his Patroness.

* * * * *

YOU HAVE MET Father Larkin before—the author of the article on "Father Damien" which appeared in the April issue. He was our Retreat Master at the Motherhouse in August.

* * * * *

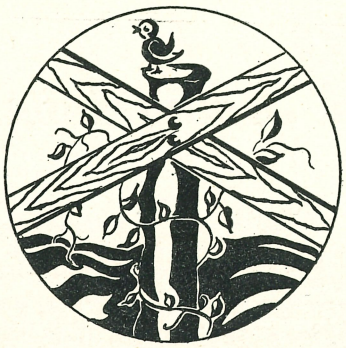
"DIETICIANS WANTED" might have been another name for Dr. Lalinsky's article. Or perhaps a combination of watchman, umpire and cook—after you have read "Riot in the Diet" you will understand why so many offices should be combined in one!

* * * * *

WHAT WOULD YOU DO if a nine-year-old young lady with a tapeworm calmly surveyed your hospital and then declined to remain for treatment? This is the problem that Sister Camillus met—"With Due Persuasion"!

* * * * *

AND THERE HAVE BEEN some inquiries as to just who "Tic" is. So Paddy Himself has taken upon himself the duty of introducing Tic—and *himself*, too!



Stop, Look, and Listen

To hurry and flurry past another milestone does not arrest attention nor arouse comment in this era of mechanical legs. But the mountaineer who climbs a rugged patch watches the mileposts with keener interest, on account of the effort he has to make.

Years fly past us, too, more or less swiftly, according to circumstances. What are fifteen years in the cycle of human history? Not even a trillionth of a second! Why, then, halt to draw a short breath at the fifteenth milestone of our Society? Because we have come to a crossroad with a sign: Stop, Look, and Listen!

STOP

We owe an occasional survey to those who help and support us: We *stop* to think where we are, we *look* to see what is around us, and we *listen* for signals.

Where are we? Here is the answer in a nutshell: We are now canonically established as a religious community with simple vows, with permission to practice the medical and nursing professions in their full scope in the missions. Our aim and purpose is definitely drawn up and approved.

Thanks to our benefactors of many kinds, we have been able to function at home and in the missions for the last fifteen years. Our number has increased from the four original members to almost a hundred, and last year we moved the Motherhouse from our cradle in Washington to a permanent site in Philadelphia.

Of our ten tabernacles, five are in India. The first foundation of the Society, the Holy Family Hospital in Rawalpindi, north India, has grown from a twenty-bed to a sixty-bed capacity, and from 264 in-patients in 1928 to 1,385 in 1939. A dispensary, a maternity and child welfare center and an accredited nursing and midwifery school are connected with it. Native Sisters are among the students and graduates. The hospital itself is staffed by members of the Society: doctor, pharmacist and nurses.

This ideal of being able to staff a mission hospital with members of the Society was in the original plan, and after fifteen years, it promises to "work." Five sisters have pursued their medical studies after completion of the novitiate. They attended medical school as religious. So far, five have been graduated. There were no special difficulties or problems. We *know* that it can be done!

For the last eight years our sisters have been in charge of the nursing and of the training school in a three-hundred-bed Government hospital in Dacca, India. This also has been an opportunity to exercise the Medical Mission Apostolate, and in spite of problems of its own, it has been successful. In the four maternity and child welfare centers, the sisters shoulder great responsibilities and come daily, and even hourly, into contact with people of other races, creeds and languages. This also "works."

All of our Sisters in India who are nurses have taken their midwifery examinations so as to increase their ability to render service.

Less than a year ago we started the nucleus of a new twenty-bed hospital in Patna, India—in a loaned building. The Sisters had nothing to begin with, and we were not able to help them substantially from here, but they are not discouraged. We hope and pray that in their case history will repeat itself: "Great oaks from little acorns grow!"

Our Postulate in England has served its purpose, although it did not develop as hoped; our Postulate in Holland is too new and conditions too abnormal to permit reliable comment. When we started it the prospects were good.

LOOK

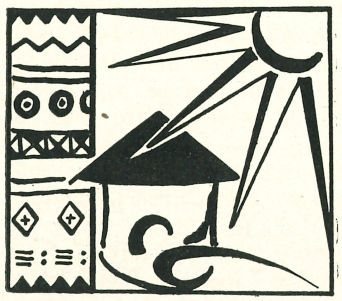
Now to look around us—and we see endless possibilities of rendering service to those who not only *sit* but also *suffer* in the shadow of darkness. In India, China, Africa, there is an indescribable accumulation of suffering which the natives themselves in most places cannot relieve, or sickness which they cannot cure. Here is a vast field open to Christian charity. It calls for apostolic workers who are spiritually, mentally and physically fit—workers unhampered by earthly ties and considerations. Our Lord Himself said "the harvest is ripe, but the laborers are few." What a reproach! The harvest is there—but few reapers!

What else can we see? Endless possibilities, again, of fostering, promoting and financing this phase of Christian charity: the care of the sick in the missions. It is my firm conviction that in spite of innumerable calls on charity for home needs, there would be ample means for foreign missions also if "giving" would be motivated by sound knowledge of the what and wherefore of missions and, above all, by that zeal for God's glory and the extension of His Kingdom which should burn in the heart of every member of the Mystical Body of Christ!

There is another limitless possibility in the force of prayer. It is the most intangible, yet the most effective. It is accessible to all—and yet perhaps theoretical to many. It would be interesting to know how often it occurs to Mr. and Mrs. Average Person to have a Mass offered for the Propagation of the Faith.

As soon as a substantial portion of Catholics will move from the periphery, closer to the vital organs

(Continued on page 125)



Before Stanley and Livingstone

By

REV. JOSEPH B. MURPHY, C.S.Sp.

We hope history will pardon our knowing smile when we think of the Stars and Stripes fluttering in one of those rare African breezes while Livingstone was yet in Bible School, or when we recall the man who brought Light to Africa while Henry Stanley, the boy, read wonderingly of the unknown, mysterious "Dark Continent."

Last January Spencer Tracy was again chosen the outstanding actor of the motion picture world. His selection was based chiefly upon his portrayal of the role of Henry Stanley in the film, "Stanley and Livingstone." Tracy certainly deserved the award for his acting, and the producers of the picture merit high praise for giving us such a faithful reproduction of one of history's truly romantic chapters.

I appreciated that picture far more than millions of others who have seen it. It brought back most vividly memories of the land where I had spent several years. The background of the film was actually photographed in Tanganyika, East Africa. The natives spoke correct *Swahili*. Tracy gave a superlative imitation of a man suffering from malarial fever—an imitation whose art can be appreciated only by one who has experienced the delirium he portrayed so well. But, for all the excellence of the screen story, I could not suppress a tiny, tolerant smile. "Stanley and Livingstone" painted those two gentlemen as the men who opened Africa to the outside world. The story gave us the impression that Livingstone was amongst the first and greatest of African Missionaries; that he carried the British flag into the so-called "Dark Continent" and set it up—the first flag of a civilized people to be planted in Equatorial Africa.

I smiled a tolerant smile because I knew of a greater Missionary than Livingstone who had gone into tropical Africa thirty years before the Englishman, and who had carried with him the Stars and Stripes of our own United States. That man was Bishop Edward Barron of Philadelphia. The story of his life, if made into a motion picture, would provide a tale of history, adventure and romance which would surpass the epic "Stanley and Livingstone." But his was a heroism which seems to have been overlooked by historians. The Catholic Dictionary gives him only seven short lines. The Rector and faculty of Saint Charles Borromeo Seminary were surprised to learn last year that the first Rector of that illustrious institution was the leader of the modern mission movement in Africa!

Edward Barron was born in Ireland in 1801. Born with the heart of a missionary, he sailed for the United States after his ordination and was received into the Diocese of Philadelphia. He became Pastor of St. Mary's Church and later was named Rector of the new Saint Charles Borromeo Seminary and also Vicar General of the Diocese. I suppose that type of labor did not fully satisfy his zeal for pioneer mission work, so he began to search for a field wherein he could satisfy his God-given desire.

Forty years before the outbreak of the Civil War there was an active movement in the States to liberate the Colored Slaves of the country. In 1820 the American Colonization Society procured the territory of Liberia on the west coast of Africa and populated it with liberated slaves for whom the Society provided transportation. Liberia happens to be the only free State in all the continent of Africa; the only government conducted by Africans for Africans. It has a population of two and a half million people scattered over an area of forty-three thousand square miles. Amongst the early settlers of Liberia were a number of Catholic negroes. It was for them that Father Barron gave up his title as Vicar General of the Diocese of Philadelphia and sailed for Africa—the first Catholic Missionary to Africa since the downfall of the early Christian Church in the sixth century.

From 1840 until 1843 Father Barron gave himself up to looking after the souls of Liberia's Catholic population. He must have travelled outside the boundaries of healthful Liberia and come into contact with the savages of the neighboring Guineas, and of Sierra Leone, the infamous "White Man's Grave." The sight of those pagans who knew nothing of Christ and His Sacrifice awakened that old yen for truly pioneer work. He went to Rome and requested permission to start missions amongst the peoples of Sierra Leone, and French and Portuguese Guinea. The Holy Father not only heard his petition, but consecrated him as Vicar Apostolic of a territory which comprised the two Guineas, Liberia and Sierra Leone.

Spiritual ruler of one of the largest vicariates of the Church, Bishop Barron had not a single missionary to help him! His faith took him to shrine of Our Lady of Victories, in Paris. There, after Mass one morning, he met a newly-ordained priest who was to provide the missionaries Bishop Barron sought.

Father Francis Libermann, C.S.Sp., was ordained only two years, but he was Superior General of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost and the Immaculate Heart of Mary. His biography is a tale stranger than the most imaginative type of fiction. Born Jacob Libermann, son of a Jewish Rabbi, he went to a Rabbinical School in Paris. While there he was converted to the Catholic faith, was baptized and entered the Seminary of Saint Sulpice. He was stricken with epilepsy, a disease which prevented his ordination for fifteen years. During that time he lived in several seminaries. Even as a subdeacon he was novice master of the Eudist Fathers, although not a member of the congregation. His sanctity was recognized, and when God finally saw fit to allow him to receive Holy Orders, Father Libermann was already prepared to organize the Holy Ghost Fathers as a Congregation to work for abandoned souls wherever the Holy See had difficulty in procuring Missionaries.

When Bishop Barron and Father Libermann met by chance—or providence—in Paris, the convert-priest agreed to send seven of his Holy Ghost Fathers to Africa with Bishop Barron. They arrived in West Africa in October 1843. Less than two years later, all but one were dead. Bishop Barron was ill, so ill that he was forced to return to the United States. He died in Savannah, Georgia, and rests there—those who pass his simple grave are all unknowing that there lies the man who brought Christ to modern Africa.

Bishop Barron planted the seed, but died before the harvest. Father Libermann continued to send Holy Ghost Fathers to the dreaded, fever-laden West Coast. One succeeded Bishop Barron as Vicar Apostolic. Today that territory is broken up into about seven Vicariates, and West Africa boasts the world's largest Catholic missions. Several of the Holy Ghost Fathers' missions, or parishes, on the West Coast have more than twenty thousand Catholics each.

Of course, history will always tell how Livingstone brought the first civilized flag to Equatorial Africa. It will always glorify Stanley for his daring explorations. We hope history will pardon our knowing smile when we think of the Stars and Stripes fluttering in one of those rare African breezes while Livingstone was yet in Bible School, or when we recall the man who brought Light to Africa while Henry Stanley, the boy, read wonderingly of the unknown, mysterious "Dark Continent."

STOP, LOOK, AND LISTEN—***(Continued from page 123)***

of the Mystical Body of Christ, there will be plenty of vocations, and the means, too, will abound. There will be a vying with one another then; now it is like extracting teeth! Just as the pulse indicates the strength of the heartbeat, so the mission spirit indicates the degree of Catholicity of a man, woman or child, of a community—or a nation!

LISTEN

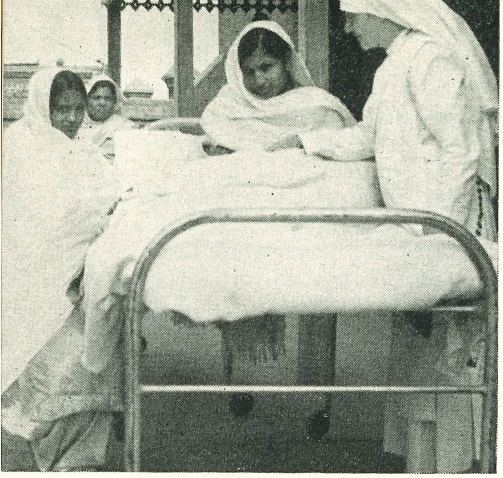
Stop—look—and listen! **What do we hear? The cry for better things has been so loud and persistent that it has aroused the yellow and black races, too. They also want to be treated justly, and to share in the improvements of the human race. Not all innovations mean improvement, but nobody can deny that the phenomenal strides of the last century in medicine and surgery are not a boon—those who do deny it are ignorant of conditions of one hundred, even of fifty years ago. Orientals, accustomed to malnutrition, epidemics, blindness, fevers, crippling chronic diseases, would be glad to shake off these sappers of life and strength if they could. It can be done only gradually—but *anything* that leads to it is welcomed and appreciated!**

When we listen, we hear not only the S.O.S. for help, but also a warning. The "isms" are splendid in diagnosing eyesores and applying healing salves to demonstrate the benefits of their regime. The people cannot be blamed for falling into the trap. If we Catholics, entrusted with the social mission of charity, fail, then the breach is open for the enemies of God. Are we to blame? The answer is evident.

FORWARD

Before we cross the tracks, confident and with new vim, to travel on to the next signal, we thank God most fervently for His help and benefits. *Te Deum laudamus!* Also we take this opportunity to express our most sincere and heartfelt gratitude and appreciation to all our co-laborers. They are of many kinds—they are in many places. Under God, they make our work possible—they are a vital part of it. They share in it in proportion to their cooperation. And four times a day we pray: "Vouchsafe, Oh Lord, for Thy name's sake, to reward with eternal life all those who do us good."

—ANNA DENGEL.



"The poor nurses have to 'stand on their heads' to try to administer certain medications before or after meals."

Riot in the Diet

By

HELEN LALINSKY, S.C.M.M., M.D.

Out here a doctor does not proceed from patient to patient, writing with a flourish upon respective charts: "Soft diet," "Low residue," "Salt-free," "Ketogenic"—it is not so simple as that. One has to apply one's knowledge of Western foods to those of India and try to substitute Eastern equivalents.

"Doctor Memsahib, what can I eat?"

With no exaggeration, that question is fired at me week in and week out, by forty patients—that is the minimum! In this hospital (and it seems to be the custom more or less prevalent in this part of India) the patients make their own arrangements about food. They needs must get instructions from someone about their diet, so why not ask the doctor? Thus twice daily, seven days weekly and fifty-two weeks yearly I must steel myself into answering with all the patience that can be mustered at the time, something like the following: "You may eat eggs, but do not eat butter; eat mangoes, but shun pears; eat peas but avoid onions; drink gingerale but abstain from lemonade, etc., etc." They are satisfied with nothing less than a veritable litany of foods from which to choose, and must have restrictions, too—preferably in regard to some article of diet that they do not particularly relish.

Is it any wonder that occasionally one weakens and longs for the "flesh pots of Egypt"—the clean, well-equipped, efficient, scientifically managed diet-kitchens back home, where meals are regularly and meticulously prepared and appetizingly served to hospital patients? Out here a doctor does not proceed from patient to patient writing with a flourish upon respective charts: "Soft diet," "Low residue," "Salt-free," "Ketogenic," etc. It is not so simple as that. One has to apply one's knowledge of Western foods to those of India and try to substitute Eastern equivalents.

One learns not to be intimidated by these numerous questions about diet, but just to heave a sigh, and patiently, painstakingly recite the "may's" and the "maynot's"—and to expect to repeat them about six times in the ordinary course of events before all is understood! The patient asks, then her mother-in-law wants to know, and her sister, too, is curious about what the sick one is expected to digest. One thinks that at last all the explanations are complete—for the morning at least—when along comes the devoted husband, just to make sure that the women-folk did not misunderstand! The entire procedure is at times harassing, but again at times positively ludicrous.

In this hospital way up in Northern India, we have been unable to this present day to cater to the epicurian likes and dislikes, fads and fancies, of the different classes and creeds. But who has succeeded? For many reasons it has been most impracticable to try to supply native in-patients with hospital food. Just imagine a modern American hospital which did not possess the usual diet-kitchen! Picture a hospital where the relatives of patients either brought food from home in containers arranged in tiers, or prepared and cooked the patient's food (and incidentally their own) and in the hospital's back yard! That is the situation that exists here. Hawkers come into the hospital compound twice or thrice daily shouting their delicacies or more substantial items on top notes: "*Dudh, makkan, double roteee* (Milk, butter, bread)!" These traveling delicatessen stands supply the patients and their relatives with anything from ice cream to *jalaybees* (a tidbit the size and shape of a pretzel but made of waffle batter and fried in boiling hot syrup).

Indian culinary delicacies are produced in many instances upon little portable stoves, earthen or tin, in which a few bits of charcoal or even a dried cow-dung cake or two provide the necessary fuel. Kitchens for the preparation of food are provided for the people, although many times they cook right out in the open. The Hindu kitchen is used by the Hindus and the Sikhs, and the Mohammedan one by the Mohammedans only. The food is prepared and then served to the patient at her own whim and pleasure, regardless of hospital routine, and in just the quantities she desires. The relatives do not believe in using persuasion to make the patient eat. The food may arrive just as the patient is being bathed, getting a treatment, or even as she is opening her eyes after an anesthetic. One can well imagine the pandemonium that at times exists. The poor nurses have to "stand on their heads" in an effort to try to administer certain medications *before* or *after* meals. If one orders medicine three times daily after meals not infrequently the patient will retort, "But I eat only twice a day."

A few patients do get hospital food. Are they pleased and satisfied? By no means! The Hindu says, "You have Mohammedan cooks. How can I *touch*, much less *eat*, food cooked by those misled un-

fortunates?" The Mohammedans, on the other hand, are not easy to please and protest in no uncertain terms, "The curry is too hot (or not hot enough), the *chappaties* (very thin, leatherish pancakes) are too small. How can I eat such insipid food? Please instruct the cook that a little more salt and a little less *ghee* (clarified butter) would make this a delicious repast."

Because of lack of accommodation, a little boy with acute amoebic dysentery had to be put into an adult ward. The little fellow was naturally on a restricted hospital diet and seemed to be enjoying it, too, until he saw his room-mates eating at odd times. He began to cry, until one of the helpful relatives fed him greasy *chappaties* that would sink a battleship, and stuffed him with curry that would burn—or at least scorch—the inner lining of a whale's stomach! He was doing away with the last morsel when the nurse walked into the ward. But despite this little irregularity in diet he suffered no setback, and actually recovered in record time!

"Barket, you must drink more milk."

"*Hazim ne hoti, Doctorji* (I cannot digest it). You see, my liver has been affected ever since I took that cold bath, and there are times when I cannot even digest water!" Indigestion to these patients covers a multitude of symptoms, as one learns; it includes anything and everything from nausea to severe dysentery.

"Or again: "Vidiawanti, your blood is as thin as water. You ought to eat liver every day."

"Memsahib, how can you give such an order? I am an orthodox vegetarian. It is God's law that I cannot touch meat. If you wish, however, my husband can procure some 'Brand's Chicken Essence' from the bazaar." In the end we compromise, and Vidiawanti's husband gets a half dozen liver ampoules from the druggist, and a series of injections are given instead. Apparently this violates no strict religious code, the patient improves, and everyone is happy—even the husband who has parted with a few extra rupees, for injections are costly.

Because of caste rules and regulations, nurses are not always allowed to give patients water, so again one must depend upon the relatives. An endless struggle ensues in persuading them to give the patients with high fevers sufficient quantities. The very thought of fever, to them, precludes the administration of water! In some cases they think the fever was caused by the water—ironic truth, that, since contaminated water is so often the cause of enteric fevers.

You remember the story of the missionary who said: "Brethren, to do the work of God three things are necessary: grace, grit and greenbacks. God will give me the grace: I've got the grit; you must give me the greenbacks. At the present moment it may seem like audacity to bring up the subject of financing the missions. While undoubtedly some parishes are seriously affected by the money situation, it may be that the situation is not so serious as it appears on the surface. Some people have merely developed a "depression psychosis" and are sharing unreasonably in the general nervousness about money. But even if the money straits were as bad as some think, it would be an added reason for discussing mission support, simply because the missions would then be even more adversely affected. . . . Whether mission appeals will be looked upon as opportunities for fulfilling a recognized obligation, or as predatory incursions upon the charity of the faithful, will depend upon one's concept of the Church quite as much as upon one's personal interests. By their very nature the missions must always be in need of more funds, for as soon as the Church is established in one quarter, the missioner must move on to other fields—it is the vocation given to the Church by her Founder, and must continue to be so until the Gospel has been preached to all men.

—John T. Gillard, S.S.J.

"Lajawanti, you must give your mother eight full glasses of water today."

"*Han, Doctorji.* (Yes, Doctor.) Warm water?"

"No, cold water."

"Before meals or after meals?"

"Before meals, after meals, and during the day, too."

"*Achcha* (Very well). But none during the night?"

Do not think that if all these minute instructions are given in one sentence, the number of questions decreases! The instructions seem to penetrate only after numerous questions are asked and the answers repeatedly given.

"Mumtaz, today you may have tea, milk or *suji* (cereal)." This to a third-day post-operative.

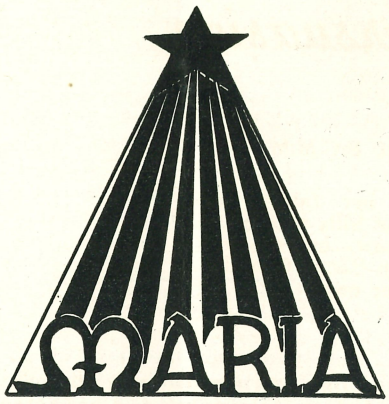
"But tea is warming, the milk makes me nauseated, and *suji* has no flavor. Please may I have a little curry and rice and a *chappati?*"

This morning during rounds, Sister Magdalen and I were confronted by a unique spectacle upon entering Ward Nine. At the bedside of Shanti, who has been very ill and has only recently recovered consciousness, stood Shushilla, her attentive mother-in-law, straining some tea. I had told her a little earlier to give Shanti some tea with plenty of sugar in it. There she was straining the tea through the end of her *dopati* (a veil which Punjabi women wear over their heads)! Perhaps the garment had once been clean and white, but it was neither today. When this performance was finished, she took some *chini* (sugar) out of a piece of soiled newspaper, added it to the tea, and then using a questionably clean forefinger, proceeded to give the concoction a vigorous stir.

"This is what you wanted me to give her, isn't it, *Doctorji?*" she smilingly inquired. She soon learned that her technique was not exactly faultless!

Just to show that she entertained no hard feelings, Shushilla appeared this afternoon attired in a clean pair of Punjabi pajamas and a spotless *dopati.* She waved a piece of equally clean muslin in her hand, which she averred was for Shanti's tea in future.

What a valuable adjunct it would be to have trained dietitians to work in mission hospitals! We could use one admirably here. What an incalculable amount of good could be done through educational efforts alone. A career of this sort would not lack its vexations, but which one does? A dietitian could do much in helping to combat ignorance, superstition, dirt and disease by practicing her art in faraway lands—for the love of that loving Master who, years ago, fed thousands in these very lands.



Doctors tell us that pain is a warning of some organic disorder: A toothache lets us know that our teeth are decaying and stimulates us to rectify the disorder. But that is the mere physiological basis; there is also a psychological and a spiritual basis.

Psychologically, pain reminds us that, as children of Adam, we have lost those gifts of integrity possessed by Adam and Eve in Paradise. Since Adam's sin, man is no longer able to gambol about oblivious of work and impervious to pain. Now life on earth is a veritable warfare. God gave man a trial and he failed. By pain, more trials are given and if man is not overcome, he gains a victory!

Then, there is the spiritual aspect of pain. Not only can pain be a trial sent by God to sound our worth, but it can be our purgatory on earth. No one can declare himself to be without sin; if he does, as St. John says: "he deceiveth himself." And since we do not make perfect reparation here on earth for injury done to God, we are obliged to suffer in purgatory. If we courageously accept any sickness God has sent us and bear it patiently, God, the just Judge, will reward us with a diminution of purgatorial pains.

God may send sickness to awaken us as He did Ignatius Loyola. Racked on a bed of pain, the soldier set his thoughts on God, and the result was the glorious St. Ignatius—and the equally glorious Society of Jesus. He may send sickness to test our worth and bring us closer to Him, as He did in the case of St. Lydwine. He may send pain to restore us to health, because if no pain were present we would not take proper care of our bodies.

And so we see pain in a threefold aspect. But let us proceed to the point: Just how are we to bear it?

By FR. MARIO L. DITTAMI, O.Carm.

Without a doubt we all grant that pain must be borne patiently. We admit this, but we realize that in reality it is no easy task to lie bedridden and not to complain. This is where Our Lady comes in.

Trudging the terrible path to Calvary together with her Son, her soul was filled with grief. But that grief was mild compared to what she felt as she contemplated her Son on the Cross, her God and yet her flesh and blood. Was not that enough to pierce her heart and merit for her the glorious title of "Mother of Sorrows?" Surely she knew what pain was.

Beseeching her in the "Litany of Loretto," we employ titles that express our needs. We say, "Help of Christians, pray for us," to bolster up our faith; we say, "Tower of David, pray for us," to have her, the citadel against the devil, aid us in time of temptation; we say, "Health of the Sick, pray for us," not only that we may regain physical integrity, but that we may with patience bear what God has sent.

No matter for what reason the sickness is sent to us, we can go to Mary and ask her to obtain for us the grace to bear it patiently. There is no use deceiving ourselves when in pain. Crying out in despair will not help us, but filially appealing to Mary will benefit much. She is our health for she has brought to man the universal remedy, the divine panacea—Jesus Christ. She brings Him to us and us to Him: She brings Him to us as she asks Him for graces that we need so badly; she brings us to Him by encouraging us and urging us to a better life.

She understands, for she too knows what pain means. Beneath the gibbet on Calvary she suffered more pain than Man will ever have to suffer.

By this we are not to understand that long prayers are necessary. She understands; a humble "Hail Mary," or a devout ejaculation will win the day. Just a short prayer: "Mary, help me to bear all in patience," or "Mary, comfort me," or "Mary, I will suffer all for God's honor and glory." Try the magic of one of these formulae, try the charm of these pious practices. Treasures of grace await you.

The Catholics of France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Italy and Austria, countries on which the missions depended heavily in normal times, cannot possibly keep up their contributions of personnel and money in these tragic days. The Poles and Czechs, who were developing a missionary action full of promise, are now powerless. The Catholics of England who, though relatively few, have been helping the missions substantially are also hampered by the war. . . .

It is likely that for a generation to come, towns and villages in mission lands will be without the priests they would otherwise have; old missionaries will die without seeing anyone take over what they have labored long and hard to build up; schools will remain closed; sick-calls will bring no response, babies will die without baptism . . . and all because war started last September.

It is likely but it is not inevitable. It will ***not*** happen if the Catholics of the United States intensify their missionary prayer, work and sacrifice to supply for what their fellow-Catholics abroad can no longer do. —The Far East, July, 1940.

With Due Persuasion

By

SISTER M. CAMILLUS, S.C.M.M.

Nekbakht had promised her father she would come down from the hills to see the hospital. She came, she saw—but she was NOT conquered. And then Sister Camillus tried a method of her own. . . .

Sister Camillus and her 9-year-old "problem patient."

Sister Jude and I were checking over charts.

"Patient No. 559. Nekbakht. Age nine years. Pathan. Female child."

Sister Jude looked up in surprise—it is not often that we have Pathans for patients. They do not like hospitals, because they believe that where there are hospitals, there will be sickness. I nodded—yes, it was true. And if there was a bit of grimness in the nod, I felt it could be forgiven: I had received Nekbakht into the hospital.

The Pathans for the most part are really descendants of old Aryan colonists who remained behind in the hills of the Northwest Frontier of India after the Aryan invasion. As the centuries rolled by, they grew harder and fiercer. In time they were caught up in the wave of Islamism — a religion which appealed to their war-like nature. They became ready converts and along with the Arabs carried the teachings of the Prophet at the point of the sword.

The Pathan is tall, athletic, rather semitic in features, and lighter of skin than the majority of the Indian peoples. Some of the Pathan men are huge! The first one I saw reminded me of "Jack, the Giant Killer." The women, too, are strong and rugged. Their marriage value is reckoned by the number of water pots they can balance on their heads—the more pots a woman can carry, the more she is worth. From experience, I can tell you that to carry *one* in the normal fashion is a *backbreaking* job, but to balance two or three, on top of one another, each holding one or two gallons of water——!!

I had been told that the Pathan woman rules the household. This I was inclined to disbelieve—until I met Nekbakht. Well do I remember the details of her admission.

She was squatting in the office, Indian fashion, between her father and her uncle—both of them huge men—when I came in. They were a picture, indeed. The men looked most ill at ease, but the young lady had the poise of a queen, wholly calm and self-possessed, despite her lowly position on the floor. As far as she was concerned, there was nothing further to be discussed. She had promised her father she would come down from the hills to see the hospital. She came, she saw—but she was *not* conquered. Very emphatically, but very respectfully, she gave her decision: She would not stay.

"She has a worm inside," her father told me, forlornly.

"In that case," I told him, "she really should stay. Just leave her with us. She'll be all right after you have gone."

"Oh, you don't know Nekbakht," was the quick rejoinder. "She must give her consent, otherwise it would not be safe to leave her. She would run away when you were not looking and walk back to the village."

A glance at Nekbakht assured me that this was not unlikely. There was only one thing left to do, and that was to change her mind. I invited her to come along with me and see some of the hospital. She smiled a gracious acceptance of my invitation, and off we started.

We went from ward to ward, and were "salaamed" on all sides. Now we were coming to the nursery; I had placed great hopes in the appeal of this little corner—"Heaven," Sister Bernadette calls it—and said a fervent "Deo gratias" all to myself when I saw her face lighting up as we entered. As we went from crib to crib, I could see that she was deciding that this was not such a bad place, after all. But the victory was clinched when Krishna, a little tot just learning to walk (and more from a desire for support than by way of greeting), caught hold of her hand.

On our way back from the nursery Nekbakht was smiling broadly, but said nothing—and I asked no questions. Back with her father, in her own little way she talked it over. Then she decided: She would stay.

After a polite "salaam" to her relatives, Nekbakht took hold of my hand and accompanied me down the hall to the ward where her bed was made up, without so much as a backward glance. And by the time the "worm" was eliminated and she was ready to be discharged, she had not only become the pet of all the nurses, but had become very much attached to Holy Family Hospital. I think she left almost as reluctantly as she had entered!

A chant, chant, chant on a peculiar note, a jingling of bells—and you know that the "dancing bear" has arrived! He is a clumsy old fellow, but he does provide entertainment for our patients here at Holy Family Hospital.

The "master" chants his song, and the bear assumes an upright position, keeping time to the tune with clumsy movements. Now he bows, he lies down, he rolls over and over—and now the chant goes up the scale, and the ungainly fellow heaves himself onto his feet again to recommence his awkward two-step. This performance is kept up for hours, much to the enjoyment of the patients, their relatives, and the children who are playing about. Even the servants drop all work right on the spot, and run to see and hear when the funny fellow and his keeper come in the gate.—Sister M. Pauline, Rawalpindi.

Resu

Catch the rhythm of the lamp posts standing sentinel at night!
Catch the cadence of the radiance that swings from light to light!
There is beauty in the mellow glow, "on duty to be seen"
(And there's richness—when we know it—in the shadows in between.)

1925: The Society was begun under the auspices of the Holy Cross Congregation in a rented house (shown above), 1000 Newton Street in Brookland, Washington, D. C., with four members. Rt. Reverend Msgr. Thomas of Washington delivered a sermon on this occasion which can be given in full—even in a resume! "The four of you *stick!*"

1926: The pioneers took their mission oath and private vows. These first four Medical Missionaries are, from left to right: Dr. Joanna Lyons (the first to leave for India and begin work at Rawalpindi); Dr. Anna Dengel, foundress; Sister M. Laetitia, R. N.; and Sister Agnes Marie, R. N. It was in this year also that THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY made its debut.

1927: His Excellency, Archbishop Edward Mooney of Detroit, then Apostolic Delegate to India, blessed the Society's first hospital—Holy Family Hospital in Rawalpindi, and Sisters Agnes Marie and Laetitia joined Dr. Lyons to comprise the first staff. From left to right in the above picture are, seated: Dr. Lyons, His Excellency, Archbishop Mooney; Mrs. Monk (a benefactress); and Rt. Rev. Msgr. Joseph O'Donohoe, Mill Hill, present Prefect Apostolic of Kashmir and Kafristan. Standing: Rev. Mangan, C.S.C., and Rev. Fathers Clark and Ellis, both of Mill Hill.

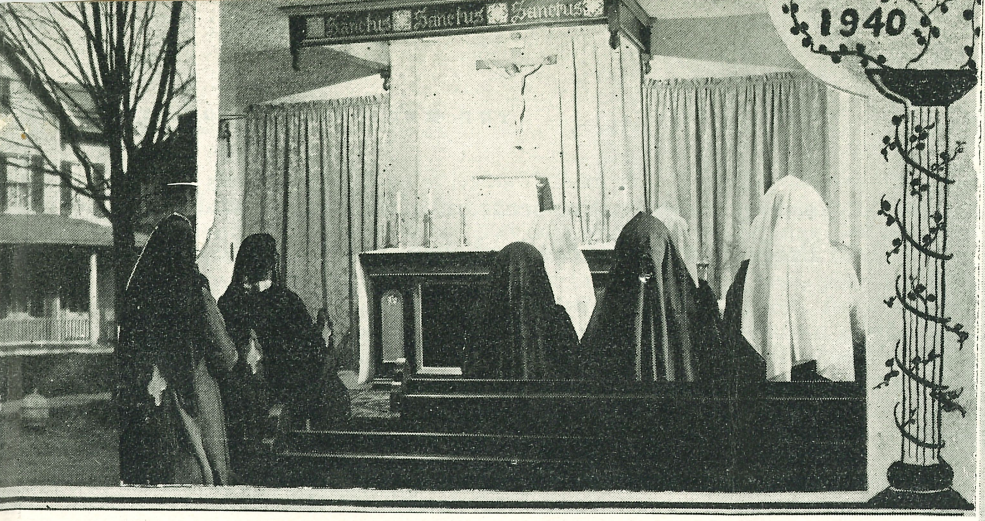
1928: Holy Family Hospital opened its doors, ready to serve all without distinction of race, color or creed. The picture shows a group of the first patients; as a "purdah" hospital, it caters exclusively to women and children.

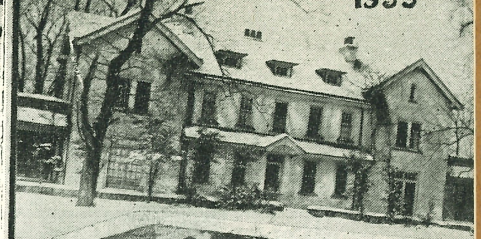
1929: Growing numbers made larger quarters necessary—and there was need, too, for a permanent residence. After moving from Newton Street to another rented house near the Franciscan Monastery, the community was at last able to purchase six acres of land with four small buildings in the vicinity of the Catholic University.

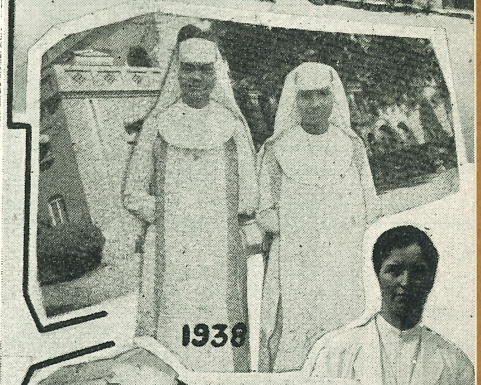
1930: Maternity and Child Welfare work was begun in Dacca, India—work that included home (or more literally, *hut*) visiting and training of native midwives. It was in this year that a small band of Medical Missionaries had the privilege of an audience with His Holiness, Pope Pius XI. His encouraging words were: "*Your Society responds to my thought and desire.*"

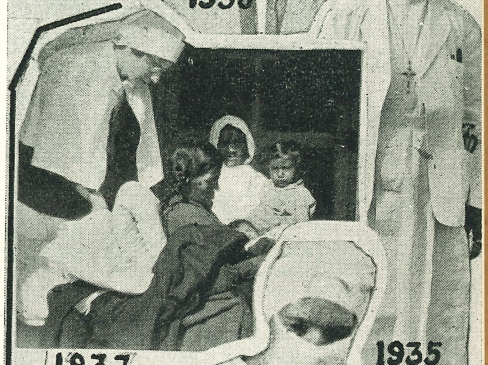
1931: A Postulate for the reception of European candidates was opened in Osterley, just outside of London, England—one more tabernacle in the Society! The photo gives a glimpse of the altar, with the seal of the Society seen in front.

1932: In Dacca, India, the Society accepted an invitation to take charge of the nursing and training school of Mitford Hospital, a 300-bed government institution. Thus was offered another opportunity for training natives as nurses and equipping them to aid their own people. The scene shows a native nurse attending a patient.









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1933: In Rawalpindi, the work was likewise a-growing. St. Francis Dispensary for the service of outpatients was opened (a place especially popular with the children, as the picture shows), and Holy Family Hospital itself was enlarged to accommodate the growing numbers that sought help in their sufferings.

1934: A glimpse of the first group to be photographed in the new habit: Gray dress and scapular with a rosary at the left side; blue veil, in honor of Our Lady—"Cause of our Joy"; and crucifix worn about the neck. In the missions, habit and veil are white.

1935: Dr. Helen Lalinsky, the first Medical Missionary to complete the full medical course as a sister, including pre-medical work at Trinity College in Washington, D. C., was graduated from Women's Medical College in Philadelphia and began her interneship at Misericordia Hospital in the same city.

1936: The Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide issued the momentous Decree, not merely permitting, but *encouraging* "religious congregations of women" to take up the study of medicine for the service of the sick, especially of women and children, in the missions. This meant that medicine *in its full scope*, including obstetrics, might be practiced by mission sisters who had bound themselves by public religious vows. (As explained in the *Editorial*, the first members had made the sacrifice of public vows, making only private vows of poverty, chastity and obedience in addition to their mission oath, in order to be free to help the women in the mission lands in all their medical needs including the giving of obstetrical care.)

1937: Sister M. Frances Herb, R.N., died in Dacca, India—the first Medical Missionary to be claimed by death. She was always among the poor—the photo shows her at work.

1938: The first native sisters to be trained as nurses at Holy Family Hospital are graduated—and with honors! According to government regulations, the sisters had to "sit for examinations" with sixty-nine candidates from the whole district, and Sister M. Regina, on the left received the highest average of the whole group—and a medal. Her companion is Sister M. Dolores.

1939: But surely you have not forgotten! We at last moved into our new Motherhouse at Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa.! Then the Postulate in Holland was begun—and just as December was melting away into a new year, the long-anticipated beginning of a hospital in Patna, India, became a reality.

1940: The *Constitutions and Rules* of the Society were approved by His Eminence, Cardinal Dougherty and the six Ordinaries of the dioceses in which the Community has foundations, and the members now have the privilege of making public vows. The picture shows professed sisters and novices in the Motherhouse chapel.

So these "highlights" are the lamp posts that mark the years of our journey. And we like to stand and look back on them, and count them—because we know all the fullness of the days that lie between.

Sermon given on the occasion of Reception and Profession at the Motherhouse on August 15

By

REV. FRANCIS LARKIN, C.Ss.Cc.

Among the various rites and ceremonies of the Catholic Church, there are perhaps three which make a deeper impression on us than the rest. They are the First Communion of a little child, the ordination of a young man to the Priesthood, and the ceremony we are witnessing here today—religious profession and reception of the habit.

Who can see an innocent young child approach the altar rail with downcast eyes and piously folded hands to receive its Creator for the first time without feeling a deep emotion? Who can witness a young man being ordained a Priest of God without being stirred by feelings of reverence and awe? Yet when we are privileged to assist at the consecration of a young woman to the service of God by the three vows, we feel ourselves moved by sentiments of a different nature.

In the First Communion of a child and in the ordination of a young man, there is a giving of self on the part of Christ. He gives Himself to the first communicant under the appearances of bread and wine; He gives to the young priest, as it were, something of His personality by the power to consecrate and administer the Sacraments in the name of Jesus. But in the profession of vows, the donation of self is not on the part of Christ. Here it is no longer the Creator giving Himself to His creature, but man giving himself to God!

There is something mysterious about this oblation, something that the ordinary man, whether he be Catholic or non-Catholic, finds hard to grasp. We feel that we are witnessing again the scene that was enacted so many times during the life of Christ—the mysterious selection and impelling vocation of His disciples and their immediate and generous response. We have often read or heard those simple words: "Come, follow Me!" and the still more simple account of the answer as given by the evangelist: "And leaving all things, they followed Him." And yet we do not realize their true import and meaning until we see enacted before our very eyes the selfsame invitation in the ceremony of profession.

Many times we have heard the story of the mother of the sons of Zebedee, and her request to Our Lord that her sons might sit beside Him when he came into His Kingdom. We remember how Our Lord said to the two brothers: "Can you drink the chalice that I shall drink?" and they unflinchingly answered: "We can." But it is only when we hear the selfsame question proposed to young women like these and hear their courageous reply, "We can," that we understand what is the true meaning of these words of Christ. That is why I say that a profession of vows makes a deeper impression on us and leaves us with mingled feelings of wonder and awe—and regret.

The world cannot understand what you have done here today. To worldly-minded people it is an act of the greatest folly, this giving of oneself to the service of Christ. For in voluntarily giving up all that the world holds dear and precious, you are in their eyes going against the most fundamental instincts of man: the instincts for life, for liberty, for happiness. To them it is nonsensical to vow yourself to a life of poverty, of chastity, of obedience. By your vow of poverty you cut yourself off from riches, from the possession of money, which to many of them is the only source of happiness. By your vow of chastity you forfeit the enjoyment of the greatest pleasures that life can offer, the company and love of men and the joys of family life. And lastly, what is entirely beyond their comprehension, by your vow of obedience, you knowingly and willingly relinquish that heritage which is so precious to all men—your liberty!

Each day men hear impassioned speeches telling them that they should be ready to die for the defense of their God-given liberty, their right to speak, to act, to worship as they please. They are told that in many places of the world men and women are being persecuted because they uphold these rights. And when they see young women, at an age when most young ladies are facing life in anticipation of all the joys it has to offer, vow themselves to a life of subjection to the will of another, a human being like themselves! No wonder they say it is folly. And, my dear friends, that is precisely what it is—a folly—the folly of the Cross!

As the worldly-minded Jews taunted Christ when He hung upon the Cross, His life an apparent failure, and told Him: "If Thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross," so also those who embrace the cross of Christ by the profession of the evangelical virtues are taunted and scoffed at by people in the world: "If you will have life, give up that cross which offers you nothing but a living death! If you will be free, reject that cross,

which prevents you from enjoying life to the full. If you will have happiness, come down from that cross, which offers you nothing but sorrow and bitterness."

But these people forget, or are ignorant of, the fact that Christ told the world: "If any man will be My disciple, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me." They forget that He told His followers that to give up life was to find a new life. "For he that will save his life will lose it, and he that shall lose his life for My sake shall find it." They do not know what you know, that you are not giving up your liberty when you subject your will to the will of Christ, but on the contrary, you will share in the liberty of the sons of God, for in submitting yourselves to the will of Christ, you are giving yourselves to Truth itself. And it is in the possession of Truth that you become free—free from the slavery of sin.

And finally, you know that they deceive themselves when they tell you that you are giving up the pleasures and happiness of life to embrace a life of sorrow and sadness. Your faith, your reason, your experience, tell you that true happiness is not to be found outside of God. Already in your short experience in the religious life you have had a taste of that joy and gladness that comes to those who serve the Sacred Heart. You have felt the joy of a good conscience and the happiness that comes of life in a community, in company with others who like yourselves live under the same roof with Our Lord and are striving for the same end as you.

It is true your life is a life of sacrifice, a sacrifice of your right to riches, your right to motherhood, your right to your inherent freedom. In fact, your life is more than a sacrifice: it is, as St. Thomas says, a true holocause. For you do not offer a part of yourselves to Almighty God, but you give everything you hold dear, keeping nothing for yourselves but the will and desire to serve Him.

But this generous sacrifice you have offered here today has its reward even here below. In the years to come you will experience as others have experienced before you, something of that "hundredfold" which Our Blessed Lord promised to those who leave all things to follow Him.

And now we congratulate the parents of these young sisters, and join with them in thanking God for the blessing that has come to them on this glad day. True, your joy is mingled with sadness, for even pious parents experience a painful twitching of the heart when they see their daughter taking a step which will soon bind her to God forever. You now realize more clearly what St. Joachim and St. Anne felt the day they accompanied their beloved little Mary to the Temple to see her consecrate herself to the service of God. The parting must have been felt as a deep sorrow on both sides. But though Mary loved her parents deeply, she loved God more, and they on their part could not deny their most precious treasure to the God from whom they had received it. Yes, like St. Joachim and St. Anne, you have made a great sacrifice, but a sacrifice that will bring you graces and blessings in return. Our Blessed Lord will not be outdone in generosity. If He has promised a reward to those who give a cup of water in His name, what will not be the reward of a Catholic father and mother who generously give back to God the child they have received from Him?

Experience proves that both spiritual and temporal blessings come to the home that has given a child to God. A peace will come to your hearts that you never would have known had your daughter remained in the world. For you will realize more and more as time goes on, the great honor and privilege that has come to you in having a child of yours chosen by Christ to be His spouse. The knowledge that you have a daughter in whose heart the love of parents will never die, but which will increase as it becomes more spiritual and Christ-like, will become a great source of consolation to you.

And to you who have this day solemnly consecreated yourself to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, we extend our sincere congratulations and assure you of our prayers for your advancement in the spiritual life and a greater love for God. Christ Himself will be your reward for your heroic self-sacrifice. You have generously answered His invitation to take up His yoke upon you and to learn of Him to become meek and humble of heart. But you remember the consoling words He added to this invitation: "And you shall find rest for your souls." Why? "For My yoke is sweet and My burden light."

And when your life as a religious is drawing to a close, you will find Him, together with His Blessed Mother and St. Joseph, ready to give you the crown you have merited for your services to Him while on earth. Then you will realize the priceless value of the sacrifice you have made here today, when you hear His gentle voice saying to you: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant. Because thou hast been faithful in a few things, I will place thee over many things: enter into the joy of the Lord."

FOR A FIT OF PASSION—walk out into the open air. You may speak your mind to the winds without hurting anyone or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton.

FOR A FIT OF IDLENESS—count the tickings of a clock. Do this for an hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat and work like a Trojan.

FOR A FIT OF AMBITION—go into the churchyard and read the gravestones; they will tell you the end of ambition.

FOR A FIT OF REPINING—look about for the halt and the blind. Visit the bed-ridden, the afflicted, the deranged. They will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter afflictions.

FOR A FIT OF DESPONDENCE—look at the good things which God has given you in this world, and at those which He has promised to His followers in the next. He who goes into the garden to look for cobwebs and spiders will find them without doubt. He who looks for a flower will return with one blossoming on his bosom.—*Church Calendar* (taken from the *Liguorian*).

If you cannot water missionary fields with the sweat of your labors, at least do so with the dew of your prayers.—Father Elliot, C.S.P.

News from Home and Abroad

On August 15, the ceremony of religious profession and reception of the habit marked the close of the eight-day retreat held at the Motherhouse. Sister Mary Lucia Vander Eerden, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vander Eerden of Oosterwijk, Holland, made her profession. Sister Lucia attended *Gymnasium*, which is equivalent to our high school and junior college, at Tilburg, Holland. She will resume her studies in September at Trinity College in Washington, D. C.

Sister M. Lucia

Four postulants received the religious habit and entered upon the first year of novitiate: Miss Jayne Flannery, Pittsburgh, Pa., in religion, Sister Mary Louise; Miss Kathleen McDade, R.N., Philadelphia, Pa., Sister Mary Gerard; Miss Marie O. Weig, Alden, N. Y., Sister Mary Loretto; Miss Dorothy Carroll, Baltimore, Md., Sister Mary Francesca.

The ceremony preceded a High Mass which was offered by Rt. Rev. Msgr. Thomas F. McNally of Philadelphia. He was assisted by Rev. J. J. O'Rourke, C.S.C., chaplain at the Motherhouse. The Revs. Leo J. Kettl, C.S.Sp., Frederick T. Hogger, C.S.Sp., and Theophane Carroll, O.F.M., brother of Sister Mary Francesca, also were present in the sanctuary.

Letters have reached us from our house in Holland. The sisters and their relatives, as far as could be ascertained, are all safe. Doctor Lippits writes: "Our life goes on as regularly as ever. As far as the future is concerned, we know that it is in God's hands. Nobody knows how this thing will end."

Our house in Osterley, England: The last news was that the sisters and postulants were safe and had taken guests from a coastal area.

Sister Mary Joan, of Bathmen, Holland, received her degree of Bachelor of Arts in Biology from Trinity College last June. Sister Joan attended *Gymnasium* in Roosendaal, Holland, and later matriculated at the University of Amsterdam in Holland. After completing her novitiate in the Society, she enrolled at Trinity College in Washington. Along with her studies, she has managed to produce most of the art work which appears in THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY.

Sister M. Joan

In Memoriam: Miss Nannie Mitchell

Miss Nannie Mitchell, laden with good deeds, died on July 31, at the age of 83, after an illness of two days. Miss Mitchell was one of the very early members of our Washington Auxiliary, and could boast that she did not miss a single meeting or benefit unless she was out of town—or indisposed, which was rare, as God blessed her with unusual vigor and health to the end.

To work for the Medical Mission cause was to her a labor of love. She enjoyed the congenial companionship of the Auxiliary members and was beloved by them all. To sit quietly in the garden and to chat with Sister M. Anthony and other sisters was a treat to her.

There was nothing parochial about her. When we announced the transfer of our Motherhouse to Philadelphia, she, with our other good friends, expressed disappointment, but rejoiced at the same time at our growth which necessitated the move. She was our first visitor in Fox Chase, and viewed everything with a "motherly eye"—and "approved."

Her last gift to us just ten days before her death was a contribution towards a liturgical tabernacle which the Washington Auxiliary is donating for the Washington chapel, to climax the improvement and much needed repairs on the house made there recently. Having shared in providing a more worthy mansion for the Lord, no doubt embellishes her eternal mansion now.

Although in government service all her life, at the last judgment she will hear Our Lord say to her: "I was sick and you visited Me," because she had compassion on the sick and suffering in the missions. We loved her in life and we will not forget her in death. Holy Masses have been offered for her in our chapels in Washington and Fox Chase, and may we ask our Readers to join us in continuing to pray for her.

Of her we can say: She loved us in life, and she will not forget us in eternity. The Communion of Saints is a strong and consoling bond. In its light one really never *loses* a friend. May she rest in peace.

ANNA DENGEL.

Mission Intention for September

FOR SOCIAL WORKS

Man is essentially a social being; that is why the Church provides for him as such wherever she spreads her maternal mantle. The social works in the missions, as elsewhere, comprise the corporal and spiritual works of mercy. It would be impossible to name, or even to think of all of them. Let us take as an example a phase of social work which, although important, is not much in print—the evolution of the status of native women in Colonial Africa, as treated in the *Bulletin of the International Council of Women* (December-January, 1940), and the *Catholic Citizen* (official organ of St. Joan's Social and Political Alliance, a Catholic organization in London), July-August, 1940.

In 1937, St. Joan's Social and Political Alliance published a comprehensive inquiry drawing attention to the fate of native women in Africa (*League of Nations Document A*, 14, 1937, V.). It stated that:

"It is the concern of colonial powers to raise the status of women, treated by native custom as mere chattels, as slaves, a practice destructive of human dignity. A native woman must have the right to choose her partner in marriage despite any contracts made by the third parties on her behalf, and those in authority must see that this claim is granted . . ."

Women's organizations, moved by this report, and the International Labor office and the International Colonial Institute brought about improvements. Sister Marie Andre, a White Sister, who is a doctor of law, published in 1939 a legal study (*Native Women in French West Africa*, Payot, Paris, 1939) suggesting a more liberal interpretation of native custom, pending new legislation, etc.

A decree was introduced in French Western and Equatorial Africa on June 15, 1939, forbidding a woman under 15 years of age to marry, and providing that no woman shall be married without her consent; furthermore the widow is now entitled to personal freedom.

An inquiry begun by the National Councils more particularly concerned in 1938, at the request of the Trades and Professions Committee, was made from various sources, including reports from settlers, missionaries, and social workers . . .

At first the settlers seemed surprised that the scantily clad young woman they met in the backwoods with the baby bound to her back was entitled to a legal status. Then they voiced all the difficulties: "To study the life of women in the Congo is to travel back through the centuries. Women in towns lead

African Mother

the life of the 20th century. Seamstresses, nurses, domestic servants, do not live so very differently from the women of the working classes in other lands. In the neighboring villages, somewhat medieval conditions prevail. The native women live as peasants, as artisans, whose only contact with the outside world is the market, where husbands sell the produce of their wives' labor unless they are away on some palaver or task imposed by their chieftain. The woman in remote districts lives as our earliest ancestors did, tilling the land around her hut—which, happily for hygiene, burns down every two or three years—making her own clay pots, curing the skins her husband brings back from the forest, weaving the family clothes from fibre and bark. At nightfall she cooks a meal and goes to the river for water balancing a heavy jar on her head with superb poise." "How can we give you information," say the settlers, "about women who lead such very different lives?"

What is the native woman's problem in Africa today? Her legal position is that of the primitive tribe, and the coming of the white man with his judge-made law has tended to crystallize immemorial custom at a time when the native woman is caught in the vortex of a quickly changing world. Remember that the heart of Africa has been open to civilization for less than fifty years. It is to the credit of women's international organizations that they have drawn attention to the necessity for change. Of course the responsible authorities have to take facts into account, and to be mindful of transitions. The sudden upheaval of native civilization would spell disaster for women, but the application of native customs without due interpretation hinders the progress of the African family and leads to tragic difficulties.

It is always hard to realize what lies behind the law in a faraway community so complex and so different from our own. We are told that woman is a slave, a chattel whom her father disposes of to any suitor willing to pay her dowry. We exclaim in horror, and then our informant adds: "It would be folly to do away with the dowry! The price paid for a woman gives her the value of several cows, and insures to the wife decent treatment and a certain matrimonial stability." We retort: "Nevertheless, such lack of independence is shocking," only to learn from our investigation that the native woman is very versatile and goes on long journeys to visit her family, sometimes for months at a time, without her husband daring to demand her return. The women till the fields and cook the food, so they control the resources and they enjoy complete

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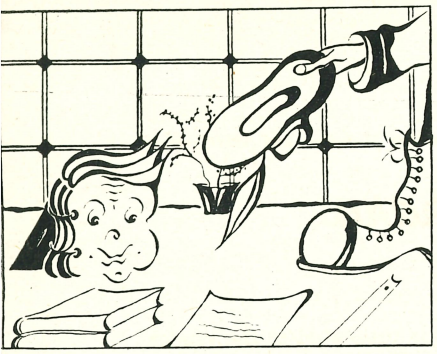

Introducing Tic and Paddy

By PADDY HIMSELF

Tic said that title wasn't in the least proper. He said the introducer shouldn't be introduced, or if he is introduced, it should be by another introducer, but that could go on and on forever, which would be neither simple nor sensible. So I'll just tell you straight and plain: I'm Paddy. I sit on the southwest corner of the Editorial Desk, always ready for action. When the Editor wants to get something off *her* mind—then I take it on *my* chest—you see, I'm the desk pad, but the Editor just calls me "Paddy" for short.

It was quite a long, long time ago that the Editor was sitting all alone one day at her desk with a copy of THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY spread out in front of her. For a long time she didn't say a word. Then all of a sudden she drew three X's and a circle right on my shirt front. "Paddy," said she, "there's not a single one," and she poked a big dot right in the middle of the circle. The Editor and I often talk things out when we're alone like that, so I wasn't a bit afraid to ask a simple question.

"A single what?" said I.

"A single joke," said she, with a deep, deep sigh. "No," she shook her head, "there isn't even the shadow of fun."

And that was when Tic came in. I can't just exactly describe him—he seemed mostly a lot of flatness and roundness and blackness with a couple of arms and a couple of legs that never seemed to be still. There was a sort of cartwheel-like whirl that ended on the corner of the Editor's desk, and the sprightly announcement: "Here I am."

The Editor kept her wits about her. "Here WHAT is?" said she.

"Why, me, I, myself," said the apparition. "Didn't you call me? I'm the Shadow of Fun!"

For a moment the Editor was speechless. But she was in no mood for trifling. "Hmp!" said she. "I suppose it's a good thing I didn't mention the ghost of a joke!" The creature looked hurt, but said nothing. "What is your name?" asked the Editor in a kindlier voice.

"My name?" He looked surprised. "Why, don't you know? I'm Tic."

"Tic," said the Editor, musing. "That's a queer one. Why do they call you that?"

"I don't know." He shrugged, did a handstand and two somersaults, then pulled himself up in front of the Editor once more. "It's from the bug, you know—the little fellows that get into your skin and you can't get them out—like wool ticks. I stay just as close to my fun as a tick does to his dinner, so I suppose that's why they named me after it."

"Oh, really," said the Editor, amazed.

"No, not really at all," rejoined Tic, turning another cartwheel. "As a matter of fact I got my name from a baby. He was trying to say, 'Shadows stick,' and the best he could manage was 'S'adows 'tick,' and that was the end of it. Or perhaps," he was sitting on the desk once more now, with his chin in his hand, "I got my name from the old Grandfather Clock, for the tick can't follow the tock any closer than this little shadow follows his master!"

A little lad who had stopped in at St. Francis Dispensary on his way home from school had had the sores on his arms and legs painted with crystal violet. He seemed quite pleased with the purple color on his skin. It inspired him with such confidence in the sister's medicine, that he decided to ask for further treatment.

"Do you have some good kind of medicine to help my memory?" he inquired.

Sister Camillus was puzzled. "Help your memory?" she repeated.

"Yes," he answered naively. "You see, I study my lessons at home, but I can never remember them when I get to school."

"Tic," the Editor was trying to be severe, "I'm afraid you aren't a good—a good—" she was puzzled for a moment—"a good *shadow!*"

"But no!" The little fellow looked hurt. "I'm the very best of shadows! I never lose my master, I always let him stand in the light ——"

The Editor interrupted. "That isn't what I mean. I mean, I'm afraid you don't tell the truth."

Tic looked even more abused. "But I do, I truly do. I told you the truth the very, very first time when I said I didn't know. What I said after that was only a musing." He looked up at the Editor innocently. "Didn't you think it was a musing?"

The Editor had to laugh. "Tic," she said, "you are incorrigible. Tell me now, what would you like?"

Tic looked up at her. "Why," said he, "I thought you wanted me in your magazine!"

The Editor gave a little grunt. "And how would you manage that?"

Tic slipped down and stood in front of her. "Well, I could have a page," pleadingly, "just one little page."

The Editor was all business now. "And what would you put on it?"

Tic waved his hand airily. "Oh, lots of things. Anecdotes," (he turned to make sure I had gotten this elegant word), "and happenings and—and musings (he looked at me again), and," he wound up in sheer delight, "of course, my picture!"

"Wait'" cried the Editor, and went pawing through the desk until she came up with the big Account Book. For a moment she poured over it, then looked up triumphant. "You can't! It won't budget!"

Tic looked at her innocently. "Won't budge what?"

I thought there was going to be an explosion so I spoke up. "You don't understand. It's one word. She means that your picture would cost money and there isn't any."

"Um." Tic reflected. "Do words cost money?"

The Editor hesitated. "Well"——

"Then," said Tic, settling himself on the waste basket, "then I shall make a word picture. Remember? You used to make them in sixth grade—all about 'My Trip to the Country,' and 'My Great Aunt Sarah's Parlor' and—there was a simply elegant one about 'Moving Day.'" He was up and dancing again, as he chanted:

"So Mr. Budget has no money for a picture etched on zinc—
Well, I'll beat him with my adjectives dressed up in printers' ink!"

And that's about all there is to say, because you can see for yourself that Tic won his point. This is his "picture:"

I've a big, round head like a toy balloon,
And ears that wig and waggle like a circus tune.
When I turn a little sideways, sure, my nose sticks out a mile.
But though I laugh and chuckle, you can never see my smile!
And my coat has rows of buttons, round and square and flattish, but
When I start to skip and scamper, they just somehow won't stay shut.
I have long, lean legs, and a pair of flying heels,
And my arms are double-jointed from turning cart-wheels.
We're not strangers, no, indeedy, for I've met you, every one,
Whenever you were jolly—I'm the Shadow of Your Fun!

DeaR FrIEndS:

ThiS Is ME, tIc! I caN't saY vERY mUcH bECauSe at tHe PreSenT mOmeNt the EdiTOr iS not inCLinEd tO be inDULgeNt! AnyHoW, eHe doEsN't lIKe tHiS stYLe. ShE sAYs it giVeS heR a headACHE anD beSidEs it'S unFAir tO lin-o-tyPe oPerAtoRs. I thInk iT's quiTe disTINCtiVe—puTtinG biG leTteRs hEre aNd thEre maKes thE liTtLe leTteRs lOok liKe shaDOWs! I haVe to ENd—buT iF yOu wanT to KeEP mE aRouNd, it'S eASy! kEeP smILiNg!

You Rs eVer,

TIC!

In Our Library

SO FALLS THE ELM TREE, *by John L. Bonn, S.J. MacMillan Co., New York.* 287 *pp.* $2.50. 1940.

So Falls the Elm Tree is the biography, written in the form of a novel, of Mother Ann Valencia of the Sisters of Saint Joseph of Chambery. Mother Valencia was the foundress of Saint Francis' Hospital in Hartford, Connecticut, and for more than forty years was its superintendent and guiding spirit.

With the priest at the altar we pray, "Lord, Jesus Christ, Son of the living God, Who, according to the will of the Father and with the cooperation of the Holy Spirit, didst revivify the world by death, free me through Thy most Sacred Body and Blood from all my iniquities and all evils; make me always to live within Thy commandments and permit me not to be separated from Thee." Permit me not to be separated from Thee, Who art in my patients. Permit me not to be separated from Thee in the vividness of my faith, in the firmness of my hope, in the fervor of my charity. Permit me not to be separated from Thee in the humility of my poverty, in the loyalty of my chastity, in the completeness of my obedience. All these I need as a Religious hospital worker to do the supreme work that is entrusted to me to do. All these I need to yield to the sweet pressures of Thy love which urgeth me onward in Thy service in the hospital. Through Thee and with Thee and in Thee, I wish to live, to labor and to die.—Rev. Alphonse Schwitalla, Address to Catholic Hospital Convention, June, 1940.

In the volume Father Bonn, tracing the history of the hospital, brings out a strong picture of Mother Valencia's dynamic personality and her daily fulfilling of the injunction "to become all things to all men." As Saint Francis' is portrayed from its humble beginning of one furnished room to its present magnificent size, so Mother Valencia is presented to the reader in every phase of her work: superior of the sisters; nurse; mother to the poor and afflicted, and, when the good of the hospital demanded it, the stern, uncompromising superintendent.

Mére Valencia, as she was familiarly known to many of the thousands who crossed the threshold of Saint Francis' during her lifetime, died only a few years ago after having spent herself in the service of God's sick and afflicted.

So Falls the Elm Tree is very well written and the life story of this truly remarkable French nun will fascinate the reader. Actually, however, the volume does not do full justice to Mother Valencia's great personality even though the author, making use of the novelist's privilege, some times portrays the part played by Mother Valencia in the development of Saint Francis' at the expense of other characters, who, under God, were likewise responsible for the truly remarkable growth of this great hospital.

I SAW THE HOLY SHROUD, *by the Rev. Peter M. Rinaldi, S.C. Published by Mary Help of Christians School, Tampa, Fla.* 68 *pp.* 25*c.* 1940.

"Pictures of Christ . . . the most beautiful, most suggestive, most precious that one can imagine. They come, in fact, from that sacred object known as the Holy Shroud of Turin, certainly more sacred than perhaps any other. . . ." Thus did our late Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, refer to the pictures of the Sacred Shroud at Turin. This little booklet deals with the history of the Holy Shroud and with the scientific proofs of its genuineness. Photographs of the Shroud are shown and objections that have been raised against its authenticity are answered briefly and clearly.

This little book will be welcomed by all who are interested in the Holy Shroud of Turin and who want to know what science and photography say of this relic of Our Savior's burial.

(*Continued on next page*)

Mission Intention

(*Continued from page* 135)

financial independence. Property is not common to the spouses, and in the family, business is conducted on a give-and-take basis. If a man emigrates to work in some large mining concern, he is astonished at being expected to support his wife out of his wages, and, on the other hand, a woman expects her husband to pay her for knitting him a cardigan. In the Congo, women disposed of their wages freely before such a right was granted them in Belgium, though we hear that in other parts of Africa, the husband or the tribal authorities are entitled to a woman's earnings.

The interpretation of native custom differs in the different territories. Some authorities have been so scrupulous in their respect for native tradition and their fear of giving a Christian interpretation to tribal law, that they have sanctioned forced marriages. It has often been debated whether it is wiser to emancipate the civilized native from tribal law or to interpret tribal law in a humane and progressive manner; this problem has been solved in a different way in different parts of the continent. Some laws consider a native girl of fourteen as an independent adult, while according to others, a native woman never comes of age.

Besides this diversity of law and interpretation, the diversity of economic and social status greatly influences native family life. In certain parts of Africa, women remain in their native villages even if their husbands work in faraway districts for years on end. It has been alleged that the frequent and long absence of the men has developed the independence and initiative of the black woman, but other observers report that such conditions cause poverty and immorality. In the Belgian Congo, mining concerns have tried to solve the labor problem by settling workers and their families in the neighborhood of their works. Only legal and monogamous families are allowed to live in these camps. The woman who has dwelt all her life in a primitive forest hut, is given a modern home, is taught hygiene and the use of a sewing machine, whilst her boys and girls are obliged to attend school. But a set-back is also possible. A few years ago the crisis brought about the return of many workers to their native villages, where the authorities encouraged cotton growing as a way out of the difficulty. Agricultural labor was in great demand, and women being the only competent farm hands in the Congo, dowries rose and polygamy increased. Planters bought up all the available women and young men were prevented from marrying.

May one hope that a scientific institution will soon take up the methodical study of the legal, economic and social status of the black woman? At one time it seemed that the League of Nations would favor such an undertaking. However, it is every woman's responsibility, especially in those countries that assume the tutorship of African races, to study this question and to use her influence on behalf of the human rights of the African women. Polygamy must go, and an epoch that has done away with slavery ought not to tolerate forced marriage out of respect for traditional matrimonial custom.

R. I. P.

Please pray for the repose of the souls of:

Rev. William T. Martin, New Rochelle, N. Y.
Mother M. Benedict Conroy, Hartford, Conn.
Sister Mary Vincent Cunningham, Baden, Pa.
Sister M. Anthony Cunningham, Hartford, Conn.
Sister Mary Lavin, Overbrook, Philadelphia, Pa.
Sister M. Theophane, O.P., Maryknoll, N. Y.
Nannie Mitchell, Washington, D. C.
Margaret R. Daly, Washington, D. C.
Edward Godin, Eagleville, Ont., Canada (brother of Sister M. Anthony, S.C.M.M.).
Henry Gorse, Simsbury, Conn.
M. F. MacDonald, Narragansett, R. I.
Daniel Burns, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Joseph F. Regan, Washington, D. C.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord: and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace. Amen.

In Our Library

(*Continued from page* 137)

RADIO REPLIES, *second volume, by the Rev. Leslie Rumble, M.S.C., edited by the Rev. Charles M. Carty. Rumble and Carty, St. Paul, Minn.* 358 *pp.* 50*c.* 1940.

This second volume of Radio Replies contains 1422 questions and answers on Catholicism and Protestantism which have been sent in to Father Rumble, the famed Australian radio missionary. The questions cover a variety of subjects as a glance at the table of contents will show: Proof of God's existence; the destiny of man; necessity of religion; the Protestant Reformation; various dogmas of the Church; Her moral teaching on many problems that have a deep concern for all of us today; Her interest in the social welfare of nations and individuals; heresies; and converts as well as apostates.

The book is recommended for study clubs and for reference in high schools and colleges. It should also find its way into every Catholic home where it can do much to strengthen the Faith.

It is admirably adapted also to help the sincere non-Catholic who wants to know from Catholic sources just what the Catholic Church does teach about many of the problems that come up in his daily life. As Archbishop Murray of St. Paul says in his *Preface* to the volume: "The exposition of the fundamentals that were involved in the inquiries sent to the author of this volume appeals to the sincerity of all who may find similar problems in their own soul. If the statement of facts may seem to hurt it cannot be attributed to any cause other than the sentiments of those who, in all sincerity, have continued to cherish the conviction that all was well until the physician announces the need of a major operation to save not the body but the soul of the patient."

To coordinate does not mean to concentrate. Pius XI always took care to avoid two extremes, equally harmful, in Catholic Action. One is the isolation and detachment of part from part, leading to a scattering of energies; the other is the absorbing of the parts in the whole, which smothers or at least lessens the initiative and effectiveness of the individual factors.—Msgr. Luigi Civardi.

League of Gratitude

The League of Gratitude was conceived and established to create a bond of helpful union between our benefactors and our Society for the purpose of extending the Kingdom of Christ through charity to the sick and suffering in mission countries. Its heavenly patron is Our Lady, Cause of Our Joy, under which title the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries is dedicated to her. The dynamo which sets and keeps it in motion is—as the name implies—gratitude to God for the priceless gifts of Faith and health and the many blessings bestowed upon us daily.

When we are the recipients of favors and gifts from our friends, we thank them and as soon as opportunity presents itself and means permit, it is a pleasure for us to show our appreciation and esteem by a favor or gift in return. Should we not act all the more generously towards God? We can thank Him at any hour and everywhere and our little gifts are always acceptable to him. Did He not say: What you do to the least of these, you do it unto Me? And in the person of the poor, He is always with us. Think of all the sick and destitute in the missions!

From its very inception, the League of Gratitude appealed to our friends. With the growth of the Society we naturally aim, also, at the increase of the League of Gratitude family. We want to pray, to make sacrifices and to labor together for the extension of God's Kingdom through charity to the sick and suffering. Each and every one can have a share according to circumstances.

In addition to the Masses and Prayers of the members of the *League*, benefactors are remembered daily at Mass and Holy Communion and in all the prayers and works of the Medical Missionaries.

Deceased relatives and friends also may be enrolled in the League. They will then share in the spiritual benefits.

A person becomes a member of the League of Gratitude by fulfilling any of the following conditions:

1. By offering (in the case of priests) or having offered (in the case of a lay person) one Holy Mass for the intentions of our Society.
2. By saying a prayer daily for the intentions of the Society.
3. By any offering of money or goods, given in gratitude to God and for the assistance of the Society.
4. By subscribing to THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY.

Dear Doctor Dengel:

Your "League of Gratitude" appeals to me very much, indeed. Will you consider me as a member? I shall fulfill the conditions for membership by _____

Sincerely yours,

_____

_____

_____

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"I give (devise), and bequeath to the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries (also known as the Medical Mission Sisters), an institution incorporated under the laws of the State of Maryland, and its successors forever the sum of $ _____ for its general purposes."

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The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries is a religious community of women founded in 1925 for the purpose of providing medical care to the sick in the foreign missions.

The Motherhouse and Novitiate are located in Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa. There is also a House of Studies in Brookland, Washington, D. C., and Houses of Postulate in England and Holland.

At present the Society labors in India, where the Sisters conduct hospitals, dispensaries, maternity and child welfare centers, training schools for native nurses and midwives, and similar health activities. It is the purpose of the Society to send Medical Missionaries to any mission field of the world. The Society has many requests; it needs many vocations.

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